

the large quantity of more than 3,800 tons of solid manure daily wasted in the river, from London alone! What might not the farmers of England effect if this mass of fertilizing matter was preserved at a reasonable rate for their use? Fifteen tons of this solid manure—nay ten tons, would render in some degree fertile an acre of the poorest cultivated or even common or heathland. But allow, for the sake of accuracy, that twenty tons were required, even then 3,800 tons—20 give a daily allowance of manure sufficient for 190 acres of land; and if we give 300 days on which this manure was collected, that would afford an annual supply for 57,000 acres! Can I put this in a stronger light? Is it not lamentable that the fertilizing matter for such a breadth of land should be annually lost to the country? And in the calculation I allow nothing for the absolutely fluid portion of the drainage—I am now speaking of its mechanical diffused matters; added to which the farmer will readily allow that when once these 57,000 acres are fertilized and rendered productive, that some time elapses before even the most naturally barren soils require again replenishing with any other manure than that which their own crops supply, by the assistance of the live stock of the farm; so that, in fact, in each and every year 57,000 acres of land might be recovered from the waste and brought into cultivation by the solid manure of the London drainage alone."

European News.

From British Papers to the 19th June, received by the Acadia Steamer.

From Willmer & Smith's European Times, June 19.

PARLIAMENTARY.

Conflict between Roebuck & O'Brien.—The flagging interest of the Parliamentary session, was enlivened, on Friday night, by a personal rencontre between the fiery member for Bath, Mr Roebuck, and the redoubtable Mr Smith O'Brien. They bandied harsh and unmistakable compliments. The Irish Representative expressed his "unutterable contempt" for the English lawyer, and pitied his infirmity of temper; but Mr Roebuck, the assailant, who never attacks but he wounds, and seems delighted if he can leave gangrene behind, sneered at Mr O'Brien's intellect, and intimated, that failure in the House of Commons was the cause of his flight to Conciliation-hall. The war of words was stopped by the Speaker; but, lest sport should be spoiled, that discreet personage was got rid of for the time, and the House went into committee, in order to afford the belligerents, after the true pugilistic fashion, and opportunity of terminating the fight. These personal collisions, however much they may be silently deprecated, are always relished, in the House and out of it. To see "grave and reverend seignors" descend to the blackguardism of the tap-room and the language of the prize ring, may be complimentary to the infirmity of human nature, for it is pregnant with this moral, that rank and station do not exempt men from the ordinary weaknesses of their fellows. Mr O'Brien showed "pluck" in the affray, and was quite a match in throwing the lance with his more keen and practised assailant. Mr Roebuck plumes himself upon pouncing, at all times, on the frailties of erring members; but as no one is said to dread the effects of the lance so much as the surgeon, so the Member for Bath is most savage with those who presume to prick him. Before his Dublin admirers, Mr O'Brien had done this; and, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," Roebuck retorted the compliment on the first opportunity. But he did more than this: he assailed, in unmeasured terms, the greatest living master of vituperation, Mr O'Connell, attributing to him the most sordid motives in carrying on the Repeal agitation. We ought to state, that the ostensible cause of the Irish members challenging attention at the present time in the House of Commons, is their desire to oppose the Irish Banking Bill in its existing shape—a Government measure, which they at first approved, curtailing as it does the privileges of the Bank of Ireland, but which they now profess to read in a different and less satisfactory light.

Challenging a Member, Re-appearance of O'Connell in the Commons.—An evening or two following the scene to which we have alluded, the House was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by the announcement on the part of Mr Roebuck

that he had a question of privilege to bring forward, and accordingly, he produced a missive, to which the name of Mr Somers, the member for Sligo, was attached, which smelt awfully of gunpowder and triggers.—The writer as a member of the Repeal party, professed to see an insult in the language which Mr Roebuck used in speaking of the Irish members the previous evening, and alluded to the laws of old chivalry, in very broad and distinct terms. To this loving effusion Mr Roebuck replied that he would take his revenge by bringing the offender under the Speaker's malediction, and as good as his word, the "wasp of Bath," as one of the diurnal styles him, moved that Mr Somers in sending a challenge to a member of the House was guilty of contempt. Lord Ashly, an amiable, but somewhat crochety nobleman, who abhors duelling, and wishes to see this wicked world a transcript of the garden of Eden, seconded the motion. The offending Mr Somers was then called upon, and he, with a very becoming, and at the same time, dignified bearing, expressed his regret at having offended against the rules of the house—placed himself in the hands of the chair—and insinuated that the member for Bath's sins against truth had caused the irritation which dictated the letter. A debate of some interest succeeded, in which Lord Palmerston and one or two other members of influence took part. While warmly approving of Mr Roebuck's conduct in refusing to fight a duel in the defence of his parliamentary conduct, they strongly impressed upon that gentleman, if he wished to avoid such unpleasant missives for the future, to be more guarded and less acrimonious in his language—a lecture which if his hopes will not be lost upon the party to whom it was addressed. The House being quite in a pacific and good tempered mood, Mr Somers' apology was accepted, and the affair terminated with a record being made of its nature on the journals of the House. A laughable incident occurred during this discussion about duelling. While one of the Irish members, Sir Wm. Baron, was alluding to Mr O'Connell's "vow in heaven," to the burly frame of the member for Cork presented itself. The majesty of buried Denmark hardly caused greater surprise on the ramparts of Elsinore than did the ghost like embodiment of Mr O'Connell on the floor of the House at such a moment, after an absence of two or three years. Peals of laughter proceeded from all sides of the House, in which the waggish member, who is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, heartily joined.

The Corn Laws—Free Trade—Policy of Ministers.—The Corn Laws have been again discussed. The debate was somewhat soporific, as all debates which leads to no practical result. Every one knows that the Corn Laws are doomed—that their existence is a question of time, and depends, not upon the force of argument, or the influence of eloquence, but upon causes purely physical. The first bad harvest, and the Corn Laws are numbered amongst the things which were. The onslaught of the free traders, although the fight was a sham, was furious—the defence of the ministers feeble. There is much truth, and great strength of expression, in the remarks, which the Levathan of the London press, our metropolitan namesake, makes on this debate:—"The treatment of the agricultural interest at the hands of Ministers, exhibits a refinement of cruelty without precedent in the annals of persecution. If they dropped the interest at once it would undergo its fated downfall, whatever that may happen to be; if they fairly threw it into the flames it would suffer its combustion. But in their mercy or their malice—it is all the same in effect—they go just the way to prolong the landowner's agony, and render it a matter of fuller and more intense sensation. They suspended him over the abyss of free trade, ever ready to fall, the moment they have relaxed their grasp. They hold him over the fire whose heat they have benignantly tempered to the exact roasting pitch."

So they do. The purport of the ministerial speeches went to show that free trade benefits the country, and by so agriculturalist. He is told in effect, that "protection" in his own and the country's bane—free trade the antidote. Pretty well this, from a ministry which climbed into Downing street on the backs of the farmers, whose fears were raised, whose hopes were excited, only to be "roasted" to death now by the slow torturing process of "killing made easy." The ways of consistency are, after all, like the ways of virtue, their own reward. Ambition's ladder is difficult to ascend, and crooked are the ways of those who

mount it. The end is held to justify the means, but the tumble down is far more speedy than the climbing, and is often accompanied by bruises which maim the sufferer, and stick to him through life.

BANK OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.—The annual meeting of the proprietors of the British North American Bank was held on Tuesday, the 10th inst., in Great Helen's, London, to receive a report from the Court of Directors relative to the state of affairs of the establishment. Mr. G. R. Robinson was in the chair, and after some opening remarks, Mr. G. De Bosco Attwood, the secretary, read the report, of which the main points are these:—The directors have adhered to their established rules of business by not being tempted to risk their money, because capital was superabundant, upon securities likely to cause it to be locked up for any length of time, and the proprietors are now reaping the advantage of their prudence in the extended business doing. A branch has been opened at Hamilton, on Lake Ontario, where a large portion of the trade of Canada West has been concentrated, and arrangements have also been made for agencies at Port Hope and Bytown, likely to prove beneficial to the inhabitants, and yet not requiring any outlay on the part of the bank. From these, when in full working, a satisfactory return is confidently expected. The directors have made arrangements for reserving at their several branches a sufficient sum to cover the difference of exchange between the colonies and this country, on the capital employed there. For this purpose £2054 have been taken from the profits of the past year. On the 5th of next month a half year's dividend, at the increased rate of five per cent. per annum, is to be paid. The amount of undivided net profits to the 31st December, 1843, was £20,529 10s. 4d., and for 1844, £49,910 3s. 9d.; together, £70,439 14s. 1d., from which is to be taken the amount of dividend paid at Midsummer, 1844, £20,000; ditto, Christmas, 1844, £20,000; leaving the amount of undivided net profit to 31st December, 1844, £30,439 14s. 1d."

THE MAYNOOTH BILL.

The Maynooth Bill has passed the ordeal of the Peers, as we ventured to anticipate it would, by a majority even greater than accompanied its passage through the Lower House. The second and third readings were, numerically speaking, triumphs of strength. The bill has now passed every stage, save the last—that of receiving the royal assent. The hurricane out of doors appears to have ceased; we hear not its howling. The subject has been so anatomised that further dissection seems useless. The only question is, will this measure, which has been purchased at the sacrifice of so much character, answer the purpose for which it was designed? Will it give peace to Ireland—fill the people with gratitude—enamour them with the British connexion—cool the heated—warm the apathetic—and restore the body politic to sound and pristine health? Or, will it do the reverse of all this? Will it increase turbulence—encourage agitation—strengthen the popular enthusiasm—enable the leaders to point to the results of the past as argury of their success for the future? It acquires little foresight to see that Ireland is doomed to be the grave of future, as it has been of past administrations. The present Government has struck a formidable blow at popular prejudice in this Maynooth measure, and the recoil has been terrible; but still no advance has been made towards the permanent pacification of the country for which the sacrifice was made. There never will be peace in Ireland—it is folly to expect it—while the Anglican church of that country exists in its present sumptuous indolence, in its enormous wealth—a living mockery and libel on the misery of the people. The richest church existing amongst the poorest people in Christendom—and that church not their own—must always be an eye sore, a cancer, a never-ceasing cause of irritation. The knife, sooner or latter, must be applied to cut out this unsightly excrescence. Braving the same odium which the Maynooth bill evoked, exercising the same power which was requisite for carrying it out, would have been sufficient to have pared down the Irish church to the wants of the country, and in doing so, a greater blow would have been aimed at the Repeal movement than Minister ever yet levelled at a popular delusion. But the Premier halted in his course, or he lacked the moral courage to do the right thing at the right time, and his wavering is destined to scourge himself as well as those who follow him in office. It mattered little if the blunders of public

men recoiled only on themselves; but alas! they effect not only the living, but even generations yet unborn.

Roman Catholic Colleges.—The Bill for erecting the Roman Catholic Colleges in Ireland is still before the House of Commons. It will pass through both Houses of Parliament, but not in a shape which will render it palatable to the Roman Catholics or their clergy. The colleges may be built, but will they be occupied? Will they not be like the Irish work-houses, enduring mementos of the obstinacy of the people? The celebrated Dr. M'Hale has addressed a long and tart epistle to Sir Robert Peel on the manifest failure of what he, as well as Sir Robert Inglis, denounces as "a Gigantic scheme of Godless education." To-night the bill comes again before the House of Commons, when the voice of O'Connell will be the loudest and the fiercest against it.

Queen Victoria's Ball Costume.—This much talked-of fete took place at Buckingham Palace on Friday night, the 6th instant. The costume illustrated George the Second's time.

The exact period chosen was the ten years from the 1740 to 1750. The company numbered about 1200; comprising the royal family and royal visitors to this country, the Duke and Duchess of Ne-mours among them; the chief of the British aristocracy; the diplomatic persons, and principal foreigners in town. Grave statesmen and officials took part in the gaiety, Sir Robert Peel being among the earliest of the festive throng; which was spiced with the presence of many a senator and judge. The costume was a tolerably exact counterpart of that set down for the guests; but it was humoured, to look as becoming as possible. The outre head dresses were a trying ordeal for the ladies, the unaccustomed high shoe heels for the grace of their gait; but they sacrificed themselves to historical propriety; some even donning the untimely wig, to make their aspect more exact to the model. However, we are told that the powder made the complexion show more brilliant and if the hoop disguised the figure, the stomacher displayed it; while both hoop and stomacher displayed the glowing jewellery, the rich and delicate lace, the splendid brocades, magnificent velvets, and gorgeous trimmings that were the pride of the evening. The men appeared in coats of velvet—crimson, black, or blue, plastered with gold or silver; and powdered wigs were universal. Many wore the dresses of their own ancestors, copied from family portraits. The great officers of the household reverted to their former outward state. Military officers wore the corresponding uniforms of the period selected for the fete; thus, the Duke of Wellington appeared as the Duke of Cumberland of that day; the Earl of Cardigan as an officer of the 11th Dragoons at the battle of Culloden; the Marquis of Londonderry, as a cavalry officer of the time; Lord Forrester as Captain of the Corps of Gentlemen Pensioners; the Duke of Rutland as a Knight of the garter a century back. The infantry officers wore the peaked grenadier cap and long white gaiters; the cavalry officers, high military boots and the crimson silk sword-belt fringed with gold. Some gentlemen wore the Highland garb, modified as it was at the time, by the high heeled shoe for instance. This was the dress of the lady chief of all.

Her Majesty's Dress.—Composed of gold tissue, brocaded in colored flowers, green leaves and silver, trimmed round the top, bottom and sides, (the upper dress being open in front,) with point-lace over red riband; the dress looped up with red satin ribands and two large bows, in each of which is a diamond bow and tassel. The stomacher composed of two large diamond bows and a diamond point; the sleeves, which are tight, finished with red riband; on the left arm the Garter in diamonds, and on the right a diamond rosette. The blue riband and diamond George, as usual. The under petticoat, of white and silver tissue, trimmed with a deep flounce of rich point-lace, (which had belonged to Queen Charlotte,) headed by a quilling of red satin riband and bows; above, a narrower flounce of point-lace, trimmed like the other; in each riband bow a diamond rosette.

Prince Albert wore a suit of crimson velvet and gold, the coat-lined and waist-coat of white satin: with the insignia of the Garter.

The dancing took place in the ball-room and throne-room, in which were stationed Colliet's and Musard's bands.

At half-past ten o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert opened the ball-room,